

NEW-YORK TRIBUNE.

From Howitt's Journal.
LABOR-WORSHIP.

BY EDWARD YOUNG.

"Labor is estare." — [Work is Worship.]

BROTHER, kneeling late and early,

Never working—Praying ever—

Up and labor—Work is prayer,

Workship is in best endeavor.

Days and night not given to service

Turn thy life to sinful waste;

Be no laggard—be no sluggard—

Live not like a man disgraced.

See—Creation never rests,

Ever God creates and—

To like Him, is to labor,

To do more than is due.

Do thy best, and do it truly,

This is what is Scriptural—

This must either work or steal.

Nature has mandate to be idle,

Folded hands are silent crime;

God's command is labor-worship.

In thy youth and in thy prime,

For I preach the newest Gospel—

Work with Hand, and work with Heart;

Work—the Heavens are working always;

Nature reads a Text to Art.

Sure become the sires of Systems,

Planets labor as they roll;

And the law of their Celestial,

Is a law within thy soul.

From thy nerves at each pulsation—

From the mystery of sleep—

Comes a lesson—a motion;

Whose significance is deep.

Rightly road, and fitly beaded,

It will whisper to thy breast—

Those art clothed around with beauty.

And an angel is thy guide.

But the busy world is striveth,

And is leading thee space

To a Future, whose foundations

God hath placed in the sea.

Oh, the art!—How helpeth!

Hast thou not by art thine?

Living limb, or heart awry,

Mar the work of the Divine.

Be a workman, O my brother,

Highest worship is there none;

With its hymn of work devotion.

Nature is one chorale tone.

As I read the newest Gospel—

When the spade divides the clod,

When the plowshare turns the furrow,

Men in prayer strive with God.

Pray!—The early rain and latter,

Loud, withhold not from our toil,

Fructify the seed we scatter,

With this worship, in the soil."

Say!—No slothful invocations

From our lips our lives profane,

We have kept the old commandment.

Taking not Thy name in vain.

But they break the old commandment,

And invoke Thee with vain, vain,

Wearied souls hands uplifting.

Uncared good would garnish in.

We have new interpretation

For the old instruction—ask,

Ask he asketh, most who tasketh

Sins to perform his task.

As I read the newest Gospel—

There is not a soul still,

Constant only in mutation,

Is God's Word of Good and ill.

Time, when the tongue's petition

Wistfully wrested with the skies,

When the flames that curled on altars,

Made acceptance sacrifice.

Time was, when the crowd exalted

Priests above their fellow men,

But that worship is departed.

And doth not return again.

Ever working—ever doing—

Nature's law in Space and Time,

Sees thou need in thy worship,

Build thou up a Life sublime.

Ever Idleness blasphemeth

In thy prayer—In thy praise.

Who shall have access to the

Heavenly earth?—In the earth—

Who shall have access to the skies?

Who shall have access to the altars,

Who shall have access to the shrines?

Who shall have access to the tombs?

Who shall have access to the graves?

Who shall have access to the graves?